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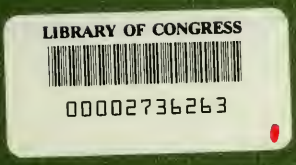

Souvenir of a smoker given by the London section of the Navy League of the United States, in honor of Vice Admiral Sims. With autograph of the guest of honor.

T. W. K.

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116

WORDS OF A FEW SONGS TO BE SUNG JUNE 30, 1917

NOTE.—The occasion is intended to give opportunity for all present to sing these old songs, not to listen while others sing. Accordingly everyone is invited to join in singing all parts of all songs as printed, except where special directions appear in the margin

E182
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Gift
J. W. Koch
Jl. 28 '17

tmp 96-006363

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Glee Club Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

Solo And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

All Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Glee Club Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.

All *Chorus.*

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

Glee Club The man who drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

All *Chorus.*

Solo The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So rarely in October.

All *Chorus.*

Solo But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

All *Chorus.*

Solo The pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,—
May she live and die an old maid,
And never get another.

All *Chorus.*

DIXIE.

Solo I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.

All *Chorus.*

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
A-way! A-way! A-way down south in Dixie,
A-way! A-way! A-way down south in Dixie.

Solo Dar's buckwheat cakes, an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.

All *Chorus.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Solo The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-tops ripe and the meadown in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n'by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

Solo They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus.

JINGLE BELLS.

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song to-night!

Chorus.

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh! [*Repeat*]

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upset!

Chorus.

Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls to-night,
And sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
Two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! you'll take the lead!

Chorus.

TENTING TO-NIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Solo We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Glee Club *Chorus.*

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the Right,
To see the dawn of Peace.
Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

Solo We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye."

Glee Club *Chorus.*

Solo We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Glee Club *Chorus.*

SOLOMON LEVI.

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store in Salem Street,
There's where you find your coats and vests,
And ev'rything else that's neat:
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And ev'rything else that's fine;
For all the boys—they trade with me,
At one hundred and forty-nine.

Chorus.

Oh, Mister Levi, Levi, tra, la, la, la.
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store in Salem Street,

There's where you find your coats and vests,
And ev'rything else that's neat :
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And ev'rything else that's fine ;
For all the boys—they trade with me,
At one hundred and forty-nine.

But when a bummer comes inside
My store in Salem Street,
And tries to hang me up for coat
And vest and pants complete,
I kicks that bummer out of my store,
And on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothes to any man
That tries to hang me up.

Chorus.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

Chorus.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him : Be jubilant my feet !
Our God is marching on.

Chorus.

Solo In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Chorus.

RE-UNION ANTHEM—1917.

ENGLAND.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save our King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save our King.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

ENGLAND *and* AMERICA.
1917.

United now to save
The Rights our fathers gave,
And cherished long:
Heaven grant one will to do!
One be our purpose true!
One sign:—"Red, White and Blue"!
One Vict'ry-song!

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